The Fun of the Thing.

A NEW "EXCELSIOR."

I.

The night had sunk on Chappaqua,
The wind was keen, the air was raw,
As forth the farmer went in peace,
With this device on his valise:
"I'm going West!"

II.

His pants were short, his boots run down,
His felt hat mashed in at the crown,
And like a squeaking cart-wheel rung
The accents of that well known tongue:
"I'm going West!"

III.

In White House window bright and warm,
He dreams he sees Ulysses' form,
Then yanks his trousers higher and higher,
Rips freely out, and screams in ire:
"I'm going West!"

IV.

"Don't try that dodge!" John Cochrane cried,
"The Free Trade boys will tan your hide!"
Upon his nose a tear drop shines,
He wipes it on his sleeve and whines:
"Im going West!"

V.

"Beware of those who've read your books!"
"You'll know them by their vacant looks;"
This was a "sorehead's" parting cry;
A silvery voice replied; "You lie!"
"I'm going West!"

VI.

A sleepy "cop" that morning found
The old man seated on the ground,
Still clinging to his carpet-bag,
Which bore this motto on its tag:
"I'm going West!"

There, 'neath the Franklin statue, sat
Old Chappaquack in his white hat,
Like huntsman resting from the hunt,
While from his lips escaped a grunt:
"I'm going West!"

He Knew Him Like a Book.

This story comes from Bangor, Me.: Near Bangor, in a little village, there dwelt, many years gone by, a lay member, who kept week days a country store, and on Sundays he would preach or exhort around among the neighboring towns, where he could find a vacant pulpit.

He was a man of limber tongue, and could sell Yankee notions and preach the Gospel very handy.

It was his way to load up a wagon and peddle all through the country, leaving his store in the charge of his wife during his absence.

Finding himself, late in the week, upon a certain time, too far from home to get back, and having sold out his load, wich at that time consisted of dried apples, which, by the way, were a little wormy, he gave notice that he would preach the next day, which was Sunday, to the people.

Many gathered to hear him. His text was: "And by their fruits ye shall know them." He handled this subject in his usual gallant manner, and, closing up his sermon with a glittering paragraph, he repeated the text. "Yes, my friends, and by their fruits ye shall know them."

Just at this point up jumped a retail grocer in the place, who had dealt with the exhorter the night before, and said, loud enough to be heard if the church had been twice as large: "Yes, friend, and by the worms in their dried apples, too."

The Wrong Smell.

A high officer of the Sons of Temperance presented himself, with the smell of grog he had been drinking upon him, at the door of a "division" for admission, and was waited upon by an Irish sentinel, to whom he gave the password, when the following passed:

"Sir," said he, "an' yez are Mr. O'Wright, the Grand Worthy Patriarch of the State of Khaintucky, I do be afther belavin."

"Yes," said Jim, "you are perfectly right, my friend; but why do you ask the question?"

"To tell you the truth, then, sir, and shame the divil," said Pat, "yez do be havin' the right password for a Son of Temperance, entirely; but by the Holy Virgin and the blessed St. Pathrick, yez got the wrong smell!"

"If the jury do believe from the evidence that the plaintiff and defendant were partners in the grocery, and that the plaintiff bought out the defendant, and the defendant paid the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted not breachy; and the warranty was broken by the breachiness of the cow, and he drove the cow back and tendered her to the defendant, but he refused to recieve her, and the defendant took her home again and put a heavy yoke on her to prevent her jumping fences, and by reason of the yoke she broke her neck and died; and if the jury believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery was worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worthless and the cow good for nothing, either for beef or milk, then the jury must find out for themselves how they will decide the case; for the Court—if she understands herself, and she thinks she does—don't know how such a d—d case should be decided."

The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution relates the following: "Not long since a gentleman in a neighboring County, noted for his pleasant manners and waggish disposition, had a christening scene at his house. Baby about eight months old, was to be christened, and the friends were gathered to witness the spectacle. The minister, turning to the father, asked: 'What is the child's name?' It had not been named. The husband turned an inquiring, mischievous glance on his wife, who smiled in return. With flashing eyes he said to the preacher: "Name it after Langston—he's my nearest neighbor!" One can fancy the uproar of laughter which greeted this announcement."

Specie Currency.—A distinguished Confederate leader, who had passed some time in Mexico after the colapse of the "cause perdue," found his way hither right gladly, and put up at the St. Charles. The morning after his arrival he rang for John and sent him for a cock-tail, giving him a Maximillian dollar. John had been victimized before by designing strangers, and was carefully on his guard. Giving a glance at the shining piece of silver, he gave his head a shrewd shake, and laid the medal upon the table, remarking, with considerable dignity: "*They don't take medals for drinks at this yer bar!*"—*Drawer, Harper's Magazine for September.*

An American minister of fine descriptive power was on one occasion preaching about heaven; and, to show the absurdity of Emanuel Swedenborg on the subject, drew a graphic picture of the Swenborgian heaven, with its beautiful fields, fine horses, cows, and pretty women; and, in the midst of his glowing description, a good old sister, carried away with scene, went into raptures and exclaimed—"Glory! glory! glory!" The preacher was so disconcerted that he paused, seeming hardly to know what to do, till the presiding elder in the stand behind him cried out to the shouter: "You are shouting over the wrong heaven!"

Once upon a time, at a donation party, when all the company were seated at the supper table, a young person of the male gender, addressing one of his species at the farther end of the table, said, "Moses, just start the milk this way, if you please." One of the young ladies, eager to be accommodating, seized the cream-cup and handed it to her next neighbor, with the remark, "My name is not Moses, but I can start the milk;" which created a momentary smile, pending which she retreated in good order.

At a Sabbath school meeting held in Pleasanton, Penn., after the recitations had been concluded, this dialogue occurred:

Superintendent—Well, children, what is the subject of our lesson to-day?

Children—Judas Iscariot, sir.

Superintendent—What kind of a man do you think he was?

Small boy—I think he was "dead beat," sir.

Member of School Board—Well, Thady Branagan, do you go to school? Thady—Bedad, I does, every blessed mornin'. M. of S. B.—And do you write? Thady—Begorra, I does, barrin' when I does wrong. M. of S. B.—And do you read? Thady—Sorra a rade. M. of S. B.—What do you do, then? Thady—Arrah, sure, I only goes to the schule dhure for vittles for the pig, but I niver goes into the intarior.—*Punch.*

A Powerful Pill.—An itinerant quack doctor in Texas was applied to by one of Colonel Hays' rangers to extract the iron point of an Indian arrow head from his head, where it had been lodged for some time. "I cannot 'strack this, stranger," said the doctor, "bekase to do so would go nigh killin' you;" but I tell you what I can do; I can give you a pill that will melt it in your head."

The following is a young minister's idea of the expansive nature of the human mind: "Yes, my friends, the mind of man is so expansive that it can soar from star to star, and from sachelite to sachelite, and from seraphene to seraphene, and from cherrybeam to cherrybeam, and from thence to the centre of the dome of heaven."

A boarder at a White Pine hotel being about to depart, said to a waiter: "Boy run up stairs to No. 16 and bring down my baggage." "What is your baggage, massa, and what is it?" "Why, three pistols, a pack of cards, a bowie-knife and a shirt. You'll find them under my pillow."

An Irishman, with a heavy bundle on his shoulder, riding on the front of a horse-car, was asked why he did not set his bundle on the platform. He replied: "Be jabers, the horses have enough to drag me. I'll carry the bundle."

For the Farmer.

A Lesson in Feeding Stock.

A correspondent of the *Maine Farmer* having made the statement that among the valuable lessons that the past winter had taught him in feeding stock, was the conviction that he has heretofore "fed nearly double the amount of hay needed," another writer for the same paper comments as follows on his remarks:

If feeders have learned, as many no doubt have done, that it is better to feed less hay and substitute meal or some other concentrated food in place of the hay withheld, then the lesson will not be controverted; but if they mean what they say, that they have been feeding too much hay to the stock,—have been giving much more nutriment than was needed,—it is quite another thing. I have learned no such lesson. I have learned (from the experience of others) that stock can be wintered—can be kept alive—on much less hay than has usually been fed to them.

When you want stock to grow during the winter, oxen to lay on fat, cows to give an abundant flow of milk, you must give them something to do it with. Muscle, fat, milk, are all in the feed given, be that grain or hay. It comes from no other source, and can be obtained in no other way. A certain amount of nutriment digested and assimilated in excess of what is required to sustain vitality. If you desire rapid growth, much fat, or an abundant flow of milk, you must feed liberally, and at the same time feed such food as will keep all the organs of the animal in a healthy, active condition, that they may be enabled to digest and assimilate the greatest possible amount of food. Milk producers understand this well, and you have not heard them say they have learned to keep their cows on a small amount of food.

They all feed shorts, and feed them not to save hay, but to make their cows eat more hay. Shorts are healthy food, and promote the health and activity of all the organs of digestion and assimilation, and thus the cow is enabled to convert more hay into milk. I have been feeding cotton seed meal with the greatest satisfaction. It saved me no hay, but it gave the cows a voracious appetite, and that appetite, created by a healthy digestion, converted a large quantity of hay into milk.

My experience has taught me, and last winter confirmed it, that the profit in keeping stock comes from the feed digested and assimilated in excess of what is required to support vitality, and the more we can get a single animal to digest and assimilate, and therefore convert into the desired product, the greater the profit.

Sheaf Oats for Forage.

In answer to the inquiry, "What shall we grow in the place of corn fodder?" I would suggest the sowing of oats pretty thickly, and cutting when first in the milk, so as to have them saved as green and full as possible. Store them under cover, and it will be found that more good food can be raised to the acre than of any other known grain or grass. That oat straw is of great value has long been proved, and allowed to be of nearly equal value to hay when cut green; adding to this grain, say fifty bushels to the acre, would give nearly a ton of the best of food, on which not only does young stock grow thrifty and large and the condition of work horses improve, but with bran or meal it is one of the very best things to feed cows for milk and butter.

Having a certain amount of milk to supply daily last fall, I used every means to keep up the quantity and quality, and tried almost every variety of feed. I found positive evidence that corn fodder was the worst of all, even at no cost, while sheaf oats, cut green, were a cheap feed at forty cents a dozen bundles of average size. The corn fodder was good, full grown, and well cured, but I would not feed it to cows I wanted a good supply of milk from, if I could get it for nothing. The only feed found superior to oats was clover, cut in first bloom and well cured, with four ears of corn and four quarts of bran once a day. On this a fine supply of butter may be looked for, and a cow to do her very best.

It may also be said in favor of oats that they are easy to grow, nice to handle, and the most wholesome and nutritious food for stock, poultry and hogs included, are early harvested, and the land left in good condition for clover, which should follow.—*Cor. Rural World.*

Poultry-House for the Farmer.

The cheapest way to build a fowl-house and give the greatest amount of ground room (which is what counts with poultry) is to make but one roof and have that meet the ground. The building should be nine feet wide at the underpinning, and nine feet high at the highest part. This gives as much floor room for the fowls to move about in as if the walls were high on all sides of the structure, and with great economy in building materials. There should be twelve doors in the building, besides the small openings under the windows for the use of the fowls, and the ventilator near the peak. Three board doors in each end, the tallest being for the attendant to enter, and the other two for ventilation in extremely hot weather. The doorways of the board doors are furnished with another set of doors made of lath.

When the board doors are all open in hot weather and the lath doors shut, there is a fine circulation of air, and when the house is to be cleaned, the lath doors as well as the others may be all opened. It may seem as if there was an over-plentiful allowance of doors, but we have tried as many to a building with satisfaction. There is nothing we hate worse than a hot, pent-up house for fowls in July. To make the house as warm in winter as it is cool in summer, keep all the board doors closed but one, and have a packing of straw between each lath door and the corresponding board door, excepting, of course, the tallest pair of doors where the attendant enters.

How to Plant Apple Trees.

It is astonishing how much diversity of opinion there is and has been about the distance apart to plant apple trees. After an experience of fifteen years, I would plant apple trees not less than twenty-four feet apart, from that to thirty-two feet. Apple trees planted sixteen feet apart, when they get large enough to bear, are found by experience to be entirely too near each other, the limbs interlock, and it is difficult to get through the orchard with a wagon; and the want of light and room causes the leaves to fall from the lower limbs, and the other trees become unhealthy.

Young orchards should be cultivated like a corn field until the trees begin to bear, and there is no better crop to grow among young trees than corn. Let the row of trees have the ground of the row to themselves, and then cultivate the row of trees the same as a row of corn, but let it stand, as it forms a protection to the trees in winter. After the apples begin to bear, seed the ground to clover—clean, no blue grass or timothy mixed with it—and don't take the clover off for hay, but either turn in the hogs or cut the clover and let it rot under the trees; and whenever the clover gets crowded out by blue grass or timothy, plow it up and seed down again with clover. This is not theory with me, but it is based on observation and successful practice.—*Iowa Homestead.*

Shrinkage of Fruit in Drying.

In the letter from Charles Alden (owner of the new fruit-drying machinery) which was read before the late horticultural meeting at Rochester, N. Y., he states that a bushel of apples weigh fifty pounds; that the cost of cutting and preparing a bushel for drying is about fifty cents; and that a bushel will yield nine dried pounds, two pounds of which are cores and skins, which when dried find a ready market at six cents per pound for making jelley without sugar or boiling—a new product. One bushel gives seven pounds of good dried apples, which sell regularly at twenty cents per pound, making, after drying, $1 25 per bushel of apples, with cores and parings.

It will be understood that these dried apples are greatly superior to common dried apples, made by exposure to weather, flies, &c. Tomatoes, being very watery, yield only three pounds dried per bushel; but two dried ounces are found to be equal in substance to a one quart can, and will make as much by adding one quart of cold water and stewing properly. The evaporated tomatoes sell for seventy-five cents per pound. Peaches yield seven pounds from a bushel, one pound of which is skins.

Pick Up The Apples.

In the early season apples begin to fall, mostly those that have in them a worm, and if gathered day after day future benefit is gained by preventing the exit of the larva of the worm, and at the same time the apples fed to horses, cows, &c., are high acceptable and nutritious as food. We have all our fallen fruit, from the size of a hickory nut, gathered and fed out to our stock. But now soon will come more mature specimens, and yet with the worm in them. These, if gathered, are valuable for the making of vinegar. No good cider can be made from them any more than good wine can be made from poor grapes, but a good vinegar can be made, and it is perhaps at market price, say four or six dollars a barrel of thirty-two gallons, more profitable than cider, while the gain in the prevention of insect, in orchards by means of gathering this imperfect fruit is beyond estimate. All orchardists should see carefully to this item of removing readily this early, wormy fruit.

In setting out young orchards, always register the varieties immediately in a book where they may be referred to in a few years when the trees commence bearing and after the labels are lost and the names forgotten.

Our Scrap Book.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRACY.

[The following very clever daguerrectype of the Legislators of Missouri, and we might add of the "National" rulers throughout the country, has been handed us for publication. It is a life-like picture, and will be so considered by all who have witnessed their conduct in the councils of the State or Nation:]

How do Nationals work for the State?
Here they stand blustering,
And there they sit clustering,
Dividing or mustering,
And knotting and plotting,
And roaring and boring,
And drinking and stinking,
And jarring and sparring,
And wrangling and jangling,
And struggling and juggling,
And straining and feigning,
And spieg and scraping,
And smirking and shirking,
And fibbing and cribbing,
And vying and lying,
And nagging and bragging,
And ranting and canting,
And taunting and vaunting,
And babbling and gabbling,
And thundering and blundering,
And capering and vaporing,
And clamoring and stammering,
And snivelling and drivelling.

Shifting and drifting
On faction's wild sea;
Assenting, repenting,
As mobs may decree.

And screwing and jewing and doing,
And shamming and hamming and cramming,
And gabbing and blabbing and grabbing,
And teaching and preaching and screeching,
And scowling and growling and howling,
And battling and rattling and tattling,
And ruffling and scuffling and snuffling,
And voting and noting and quoting,
And speaking and squeaking and sneaking,
Haranguing and slanging and whanging,
Attacking and backing and packing,
And sallying and rallying and dallying,
And pottering and chattering and smattering;

And flouting and scouting and shouting and spouting,
And snipping and clipping and slipping and tripping,
And rambling and shambling and scrambling and gambling,
And mobbing and snobbing and jobbing and robbing,
And slaving and craving and braving and raving.

Proposing and glosing and prosing and dozing,
Denouncing and trouncing and flouncing and bouncing,
And winking and blinking and shrinking and slinking,
And hurrying and scurrying and durrying and worrying.

And leering and sneering and jeering and "Hearing."
Turmoiling and boiling and soiling and foiling and spoiling,
Mistaking and waiting and bating and rating and prating,
And uttering and muttering and sputtering and stuttering and spluttering.

Forestalling and calling and bawling and brawling and galling and mauling,
And rumbling and mumbling and jumbling and grumbling and tumbling and stumbling and fumbling.

And so never-ending but always contending
Public time, cash, and patience profusely mis-spending,
Tooth and nail at debate, snarling early and late—
And this way the Nationals work for the State!

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S ELECTION.

And How He Received the News.

On Tuesday morning, the 14th of April, 1789, a venerable old gentleman, with fine eyes, an amiable countenance, and long, white locks, rode into the lawn of Mount Vernon, coming from Alexandria. The gentlemen of the latter town accompanied him. It was between 10 and 11 o'clock. A negro man sallied out to take the nags, and the old gentleman, entering the mansion, was received by Mrs. Washington.

"Why, Mr. Thompson," said the good lady, "where are you from, and how are your people?"

"From New York, madam," answered the old man. "I come to Mount Vernon upon a good errand—for the country, at least. The General has been elected President of the United States under the new Constitution, and I am the bearer of the happy tidings in a letter from John Langdon, President of the Senate."

The General was out visiting on his farm, however, and the guests were entertained for two or three hours as we take care of our visitors in the country now-a-days. A glass of the General's favorite Madeira, imported in the cask, was not the worst provision made for them, and the cheerful gossip of Mrs. Washington, who had known Mr. Thompson and visited his house in Philadelphia, helped to enliven the time. This grave and respectable old man was the link between the new Government at New York and the new magistrate at Mount Vernon. Charles Thompson had been the Secretary through all its eventful career of the Continental Congress, which had directed the cause of the Colonies from desultory revolt to independence and to union, and now he had ridden over the long and difficult roads to apprise the first President of the Republic, of the wishes of his countrymen. At one o'clock General Washington rode into the lawn of Mount Vernon, in appearance what Custis, his adopted son, has described. An old gentleman, riding alone, in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to his sadde-bow. The umbrella was used to shelter him from the sun, for his skin was tender and easily affected by its rays. Washington greeted Mr. Thompson with grave cordiality, as was his wont, inquiring for his family, and, divining already the object of his visit, broke the seal of John Langdon's official letter. Dinner followed, and while the visitors retired to converse or stroll about the grounds, the President-elect wrote a letter to the President of the Senate, and sent it forthwith to the postoffice at Alexandria by a servant. The letter read as follows:

"Mount Vernon, 14th April, 1789.

"Sir—I had the honor to receive your official communication, by the hand of Mr. Secretary Thompson, about 1 o'clock this day. Having concluded to obey the important and flattering call of my country, and having been impressed with the idea of the expediency of my being with Congress at as early a period as possible, I propose to commence my journey on Thursday morning, which will be day after to-morrow."

This done, the rest of the day passed in conference between Washington and his wife, in the preparation of his baggage for the not unexpected journey, while, meantime, the distinguished guest was amused by the young official household in the library and grounds. There was another female dear to the newly-elected President, and he kept her filial remembrance at the very moment of his greatest promotion. It was growing late in the evening of the day on which our chapter opens, when Washington mounted his horse, and, followed by his man Billy, rode off into the woods of Virginia with speed. His destination was Fredericksburg, nearly forty miles away, with two ferries between—one at the Occoquan, the other at the Rappahannock. His purpose was to see his old mother, now about 80 years of age, and drawing near the grave. It had been long since he had visited her, but he could not feel equal to the responsibilities of his great office until he should receive her blessing. Few candidates for the Presidency in our day would leave a warm mansion, filled with congratulating friends, to ride all night through the chilly April mists to say adieu to a very old woman. But thus piously the administration of Washington began. He passed old Pohick Church, of which he was vestryman—soon to tumble to ruins—crossed the roaring Occoquan, and by its deep and picturesque gorge, where passed the waters of the future bloody Bull Run, and by night he saw the old churches of Acquia and Potomac rise against the sky; he saw the decayed seaport of Dumfries. In the morning he was at Fredericksburg, and his mother was in his arms. Marches, perils, victories, honors, power, surrendered to that look of helpless love, too deep for pride to show through its tears, and the President of the new State was to her a new-born babe again, no dearer, no greater. He was just in time, for she had but the short season of summer to live, and, like many dying mothers, life seemed upheld, at four-score and five, by waiting love until he should come. History is ceremonious as to what passed between them, but the parting was solemn and touching, like the event. "You will see me no more," said she; "my great age and disease warn me that I shall not be long in this world. But go, George, to fulfill the destiny which heaven appears to assign you. Go, my son, and may heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

Passing from that dear, pathetic presence, the President-elect perhaps did not hear the plaudits of the people in the streets of Fredericksburg. He rode all day by the road he had come, and reached Mount Vernon before evening, having exhibited his power of endurance at the age of fifty-seven by riding eighty miles in twenty-four hours. His good wife had made all ready; the equipage and baggage were at the door next morning, and leaving Mrs. Washington and most of the household behind, he set out for New York at 10 o'clock on Thursday, the 16th of April, accompanied by Thompson and Humphreys. The new State was waiting anxiously for its magistrate.—*George Alfred Townsend.*

After floundering through ancient and modern lexicons of living and dead languages, for a month or two, in quest of a single word to describe the male population of the country fit for military service, the English have at length discovered in some of their old dictionaries, of long-gone years, just what they want. It is the name "manred," frequently used two or three centuries ago to express the fighting population.

The Chicago Board of Education have decided by motion that the youthful mind of that city shall no longer say "colon" and "semi-colon," but "primary and secondary colons."

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.

Useful and Curious.

RULES FOR MEASUREMENT.

Measuring Grain.—By the United States Standard 2150 cubic inches make a bushel. Now, as a cubic foot contains 1728 inches, a bushel is to a cubic foot as 2150 to 1728; or, for practical purposes, as 4 to 5. Therefore, to convert cubic feet to bushels, it is necessary to multiply by four-fifths. *Example.*—How much grain will a bin hold which is 10 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 4 feet deep? *Solution.*—10 multiplied by 4, multiplied by 4, equals 160 cubic feet. 160 multiplied by four-fifths, equals 128, the number of bushels.

To Measure Grain on the Floor.—Make the pile in the form of a pyramid or cone, and multiply the area of the base by one-third of the height. To find the area of the base, multiply the square of its diameter by the decimal .7854. *Example.*—A conical pile of grain is 8 feet in diameter and 4 feet high. How many bushels does it contain? *Solution.*—The square of 8 is 64; and 64 multiplied by .7854, multiplied by four-thirds, equals 83.776, the number of cubic feet. Therefore, 83,776 multplied by four-fifths, equals 67.02 bushels. Answer.

To Ascertain the Quantity of Lumber in a Log.—Multiply the diameter in *inches* at the small end by one half the number of inches, and this product by the length of the log in *feet*, which last product divide by 12. *Example.*—How many feet of lumber can be made from a log which is 36 inches in diameter and 10 feet long? *Solution.*—36 multiplied by 18 equals 648; 648 multiplied by 10 equals 6484; 6484 divided by 12 equals 549. Answer.

To Ascertain the Capacity of a Cistern or Well.—Multiply the square of the diameter in inches by the decimal .7854, and this product by the depth in inches; divide this product by 231, and the quotient will be the contents in gallons. *Example.*—What is the capacity of a cistern which is 12 feet deep and 6 feet in diameter? *Solution.*—The square of 72, the diameter in inches is 5184; 5184 multiplied by .7854 equals 586297.44, the number of cubic inches in the cistern. There are 231 cubic inches in a gallon, therefore 586297.44 divided by 231 equals 2538.—gallons. To reduce the number of gallons to barrels divide by 31 and one-half.

To Ascertain the Weight of Cattle by Measurement.—Multiply the girth in feet by the distance from the bone of the tail immediately over the hinder part of the buttock, to the fore part of the shoulder blade, and this product by 31, when the animal measurs *more than 7 and less than 9 feet girth*; by 23, when *less than 7 and more than 5*; by 16, when *less than 5 and more than 3*; and by 11 when *less than 3*. *Example.*—What is the weight of an ox whose measurements are as follows: girth, 7 feet 5 inches; length, 5 feet 6 inches? *Solution.*—Five and one-half multiplied by seven and five-twelfths equals forty, and fifty-seven seventy-seconds multiplied by 31 equals 1264.—Answer.

A deduction of 1 pound in 20 must be made for half-fatted cattle, and also for cows that have had calves. It is understood, of course, that such standard will at best, give only the *approximate* weight.

Measuring Land.—To find the number of acres of land in a rectangular field, multiply the length by the breadth, and divide the product by 160, if the measurement is made in rods; or by 43560 if made in feet, *Example.*—How many acres in a field which is 100 rods in length by 75 rods in width? *Solution.*—100 multiplied by 75 equals 7500; 7500 divided by 160 equals forty-six and fourteen-sixteenths.—Answer.

To find the contents of a triangular piece of land having a rectangular corner, multiply the two shorter sides together, and take one-half the product.

Measurement of Hay.—19 cubic yards of meadow hay weigh a ton. When the hay is taken out of old, or the lower part of large stacks, 8 or 9 cubic yards will make a ton. 10 or 12 cubic yards of clover, when dry, make a ton. Hay stored in barns require from 300 to 400 cubic feet to make a ton, if it be of medium coarseness, and greater or less quantity, varying from 300 to 500 solid feet, according to its quality.

How to Make Buckwheat Cakes.

The season for buckwheat cakes has arrived. A writer in the *American Agriculturalist* recommends the following method for making cakes: "The finest, tenderest cakes can be made by adding a little unbolted wheat or Graham flour to the buckwheat. Less than a quart will do. Mix with cold, sour milk, or fresh (not sweet) buttermilk, which is best. The soda (emptyings are dispensed with,) when put in cold water, will not act satisfactorily. Bake at once; the heat will start the effervescence, and as the paste rises it will bake, thus preventing it from falling. Hence the culminated point of lightness is attained. The batter rises snowy and beautiful, and the pancake will swell to almost undue dimensions, absolutely the lightest and tenderest that can be baked, with not a touch of acid. More salt, however, must be added than usual, to counteract the too fresh taste when soda alone is used. Thus the bother of emptying is all dispensed with. Pancake in this way can be baked at any time and on the shortest notice. We keep our flour mixed, the Graham with the buckwheat, ready for use."

To Keep Cider Sweet.—I saw an inquiry in your paper to know how to keep cider as sweet as it comes from the press. I have seen a great many different ways tried, but none I think equal to scalding. Sometimes you may be fortunate enough to find a cider maker with a large kettle at the press. If so put in the cider as it comes from the press, bring it just to boil, but do not let it boil. Skim it; fill the barrel to within an inch of the bung; then bung it tight and keep the air entirely out; and at Christmas you will say you never drank such cider. You can scald it at home in brass or copper kettles, or in boilers; but never in anything iron. Do it as soon as it comes from the press. Cider, put up in this way, will be as nice till May as when first opened.—L. C.

How to Make Tomato Figs.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes in order to remove the skins; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days as before; then boil and skim again. After the third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good; if not, let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine sugar between each layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

Farmers and others who are exposed to wet and cold would find the following composition very valuable as a protection and preservative of their boots. It is also excellent as a dressing for harness: Neatsfoot oil, 1½ pints; beeswax, 1 ounce; spirits of turpentine, 4 ounces; pine tar, 1 ounce. Melt and mix together, and stir until cold. Spread and rub this composition over the leather while it is damp; leather will absorb oil and grease better when damp than when dry. For the soles, take pine tar and rub it in before the fire until the soles will absorb no more. Three or four applications will be needed. The durability of the soles will be much increased.

Remedy for Ague.—There must be some good brandy, black pepper and a piece of flannel large enough to cover the bowels handy. When the chill is at its height, let the person go to bed. Now let some other person dip the flannel in the cold brandy. Don't wring out the flannel. Spread it on the table, dust it over with the pepper out of the castor, then spread it over the bowels pepper side down; at the same time give half a wineglassful of the brandy and half a teaspoonful of the pepper to drink; this must be done when the chill is at its height.

How to Cleanse Water.—The editor of Hall's *Journal of Health* has often, in ancient times, "settled" Mississippi water, and made it look "as clear as a bell," by tying a bit of alum to a string and twirling it around for a few seconds beneath the surface of a glassful. The same authority further states that if a lump of alum as large as the thimble joint is thrown into four or five gallons of boiling soap-suds, the scum runs over and leaves the water clean and soft and useful for washing.

For removing greasy spots from any fabric, use the ammonia nearly pure, then lay white blotting paper over the spot and iron lightly. In washing lace put about twelve drops in a pint of warm suds. To clean silver mix two teaspoonfuls of ammonia in a quart of hot suds. Put in your silverware and wash, using an old nail brush or toothbrush for the purpose.

Copying Ink.—Mix thirty grains of extract of logwood; seven grains of crystal soda; half an ounce of water. Boil till dissolved; then, while stirring well, add thirty grains of glycerine, one grain of chromate of potash, previously dissolved, and four grains of powdered gum arabic.

How to Stop a Pinhole in Lead Pipe.—Take a tenpenny nail, place the square end upon the hole, and hit it two or three slight blows with a hammer, and the orifice is closed as tight as though you had employed a plumber to do it at a cost of a dollar or more.

Scald ripe tomatoes and put them in a dish with bread crumbs, layer over layer, seasoning with salt and red pepper. Have the bread crumbs on the top, and bake three hours. The result is called "scalloped tomatoes."